LIVES IRILLING

CHIEF'S CHAUFFEUR FIRE

WILLIAM ALLEN JOHNSTON.

TET-TET-FT' the theater hour for Broadway

the theater hour for Broadway
the great thoroughfare is white
the glare of electric lights and
with crowds of pleasure loving
nity streaming out of the plays. Brass lunged "starters" are
hing into line the tangles of autoes, carriages and cabs, and street

and cross street cars are clanging rately for right of way, is din and deep confusion; it is it impossible for a pedestrian to the street, and yet out of the the street, and yet out of the tand into the disorder sounds that se, sinister scream of siren whistle, one, something wants a right of over everything else, demands it an ear splitting shrick—and gets it. Urriffii.'— The siren is screechiew like an evil bird. Cabbies lash wing their horses to the curb, aubiles dart this way and that with the descriptions of the sure of the s thened spurts; pedestrians crowd and scurry for safety. There's omentary clang of a bell, a red that travels faster than the sound int useless bell—and the thing is Out of the night again and away ont of the night again and away be thoroughfare, rising clear above clatter and clang of the city's traffic, but growing fainter every nt, sounds that savage insistent m—"ere-iiii!"

a red flash, a gleam of polished automobile with two figures sit

it man in the tonneau, whose face when in repose looks as if he were when in repose looks as it he were ring the problem of a hopeless fire, usef Croker. The man in the front gripping the wheel and steering flying car through the most popu-street in the world at a mile a min-

street in the world at a mile a min-durting through lanes of vehicles to often a clearing space scarcely than the thickness of a sheet of intervenes on either side—if the chief's driver, Captain Rush, the are remarkable men, decidedly hemeting, studying, knowing, positions are altogether different, is fire chief of New York City; the drives his car. Upon the pres-of one at every fire of consequence ands its mastery; the duty of the is to get him there in the short-possible time. But the two men alike in these respects—that each like in these respects—that each altogether concentrated in the of it, has no other apparent in-in life save his work.

Each Man a Master.

man, in consequence, t of his calling and its stern, ous exactions. He could not be

wise. Such a life either makes a or breaks him.

e story of Captain Rush's daily a largely written in the figures on dial of the speed register of his They say that the car, since it but in service less these. it in service less than four years has traveled thirty-five thousand

ider the distance and what i d, and every mile of it through ded city streets at the speed of a express! Ten thousand miles a of racing speed with never a red lear track! Imagine the strain of How many men could stand it? e is little or no relaxation in this If you think there is, visit any ouse in the city and note the por-ms, almost sinister solemnity of ace, the keen, watchful faces of men, how even the horses stand in stalls with one foot forward, ready oring forward at the clang of the and the drop of the chains in front

is there any time for anticipat is one thing to prepare for an bile race, to train for it, to be

such weaknesses they have been sed out of him.

Not Given to Talk.

Why, I can't tell you anything," he sharply. "Have a chair." And conversation might have ended then there, for if the chief's driver t talk about his work there is abtely nothing left. He has no internany other subject. Several times troduced extraneous matters in the of queries, only to be met with of queries, only to be met with acconic response: "I don't know. yer had the interest to inquire."

t you are used to firemen. They talk off-hand about themselves is only one way to interview to get the story first from an and then first-hand from them as try to wright and them as try to wriggle out of it. Well, you lost a wheel one time?'

gested. h, yes.'' he said. "The nigh front That happened on Second avenue year, about 3 in the morning. We two blocks before the car stopped. we didn't."

How did you manage it?''
Just juggled the car. Swung her
way and then lifted the hub by
Ging in the other direction. It was work; we were going fifty miles

Major J.H. Durham

never fit again for the exactions of the steering wheel. Then came Rush in 1901, with eight continuous night and day years to his record up to date and the ranking title of captain in the service. His first car was a small runabout steamer, with a enpacity of thirty miles an hour. There's a photograph of it on the wall This room, by the way, is unique in its decorations, like the occupation of the man who spends his waiting mothe man who spends his waiting mo-ments there. In orderly array along the wainscotting are electric batteries, gauges, parts of engine and gear, all ready for instantaneous insertion in event of breakdown. Upon the walls are alternating photos of big fires and racing cars. Fire and speed! A sharp-ly defined, thrilling orbit for a man to move in with never a stray path of re-

archin, says Captain Rush, is, the war iest animal in existence and the quick est at dodging; nor are trucks and cabs dangerous. They know well that scream of the siren whistle and halt at its distant sound. It is rather the reckless taxicabs of the night traffic and the law-breaking "joy riders" who come catapulting out of the dim side streets with horns tooting so loudly they cannot bear his own siren. It seems little short of marvelous that no accidents have happened.

Many absurd stories are afloat in the streets regarding the fire chief's driver. Some are to the effect that drivers are changed as often as each week, on account of the terrific strain involved. These are all imiginative tales.

There have been only two chauffeurs in the service. The first, Oswald, was badly injured at a Brooklyn fire Chief Croker tells of the incident in his laconic, unemotional way. It was simply one of the daily grist of the fire department accidents.

The fire, a serious one, was under control, and chief and driver were walking back to the car when a big, ragged wall toppled and fell. The chief jumped and cleared the flying debris, the driver strumbled and was eaught.

ing back to the car when a big, ragged floor, and shadowy, ghostlike, blue-wall toppled and fell. The chief jumped and cleared the flying debris, the driver stumbled and was caught. He recovered from his injuries, but was the captain for the exactions of the captain for the exactions of the captain and the captain.

come pretty soon."

It did come, scarcely ten minutes later from Harlem's "Little Italy," a splendid nucleus of patriotic observances. The captain made a single move out of his chair and over to the brass pole in the next room.

By the time I had scampered down the stairs and across the main floor two figures, chief and driver, were sitting tense and upright in the big red car and he mechanician was swinging the

erank.

"Br-r.r.r.t!" sang the eager engine, and "clank!" ran the dropped chain at the door. A crowd of admiring youngsters jumped back and stood tightly pressed against the outer wall.

"Whurr-rrr-rrr!" The station house rang with the blast of the siren, and the state of the siren, and the size of the siren.

car lurched through the door. A truck-man a block away pulled up his horses

Some Record Runs.

"You made a record run once to Spuyten Duyvil," I suggested.
"Oh, well, that's nothing. It simply showed the speed we travel at. There's no argument about that, I think.
"We went out of the station here on the third."

showed the speed we travel at. There's no argument about that, I think.

"We went out of the station here on the third alarm, and a minute or so after we reached Spuyten Duyvil we sent in a special alarm for a fireboat. They say here at the station that the 'special' rang just twenty-two minutes after we left.

"How far is it to Spuyten Duyvil? Oh, as many miles, I should say. From here to Kingsbride the route is fairly direct: after that it is very devious."

the corner, skirting a lazy street car by scarcely an inch.

"Chuck!" Another clutch, another tremor, and she's off up the avenue in her wild flight, past elevated posts, crowded corners, dangerous crossings and slippery car tracks, on, on, "and it's a mercy." said the mechanician, "that she comes back whole." He likes this big red spirited car as one grows to love a horse he watches over.

"It's a mercy, yes." he added, "but she's got a true hand on the wheel."

SOME OLD FACTS IN NEW CLOTHES

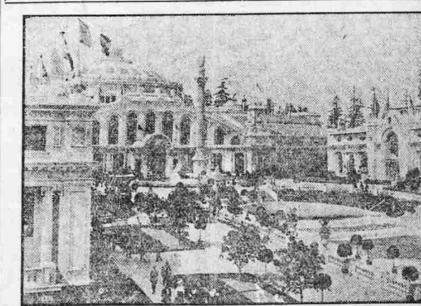
= COMPILED BY TOM W. WINDER =

"It would take the working force of 800 millions of horses, working day and night, to transport the water which the wind brings from the sea and pours upon the land of the state of Illinois, and gathers up and carries away again every year."

WIND

The bible associates the wind with the most impressive and awful manifestations of the presence and power of the almighty. When the first pair had sinned in Paradise and had hid themselves in shame among the trees of the garden, they heard the voice of the Lord borne upon the evening wind, saying "Where art thou? What hast thou done?" and ever since that hour the whisper of the wind in the quiet of the evening and to the souls of men. In the silent hours of deep thought and in the lonely piace of solitude, the mourful singing of the world for spirit and air was the same, the world for spirit and air was the same, world. In the ancient languages the world for spirit and air was the same, the most impressive symbol of the unast inpressive symbol of the unast inpressive symbol of the unast inpressive symbol of the agility world, God blew upon the face of the flood with a mighty work of transportation without any sound of groaning wheels, without any sound of groanite on the indication of the macking of the mountains with its lummers but the surface in from the mountains with its lummers but the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the stroke of the wind, from the sea as when sturting out at the s

WHAT IS SEEN AT SEATTLE EXPOSITION



The wheel we wet clean through an fence. It was lucky the streets deserted. That wheel would have shrough a crowd like a cannon been found to a compare the control of the summer resorts none presents a more pleased than Major J. H. Durnam.

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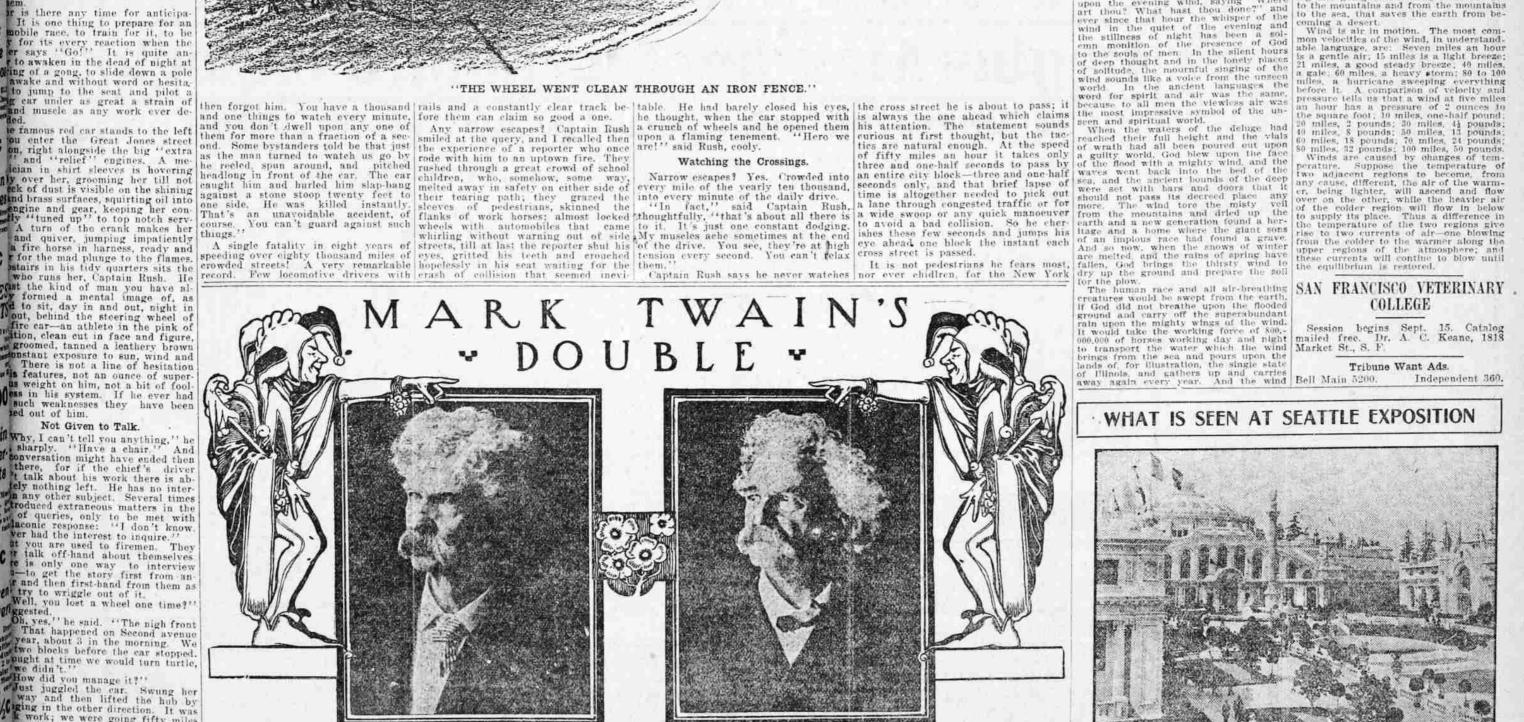
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Held clerks enter into the spirit of the summer compared their walls, this with him, and diagnor for Mark Twain, and the major for mark T



Mark Twain